

To make ICED TEA—Brew tea as usual—strain off leaves—allow to cool—add lemon and sugar to taste—pour into glasses half full of cracked ice

ICED TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

TULE MARSH MURDER

STORY OF A MISSING ACTRESS AND THE TAXING OF WITS TO EXPLAIN HER FATE.

By NANCY BARR MAVITY.

SYNOPSIS

Sheila O'Shay, formerly a popular actress, and now the wife of the young millionaire Don Ellsworth, disappears, leaving no trace behind her. Don visits Dr. Cavanaugh, the famous criminologist, and confesses that his married life has been unhappy. Dr. Cavanaugh agrees to investigate the case. Peter Piper, a reporter of The Herald, is sent to Dr. Cavanaugh's home by accident. Barbara Cavanaugh, and later she is introduced in the case. The confession she was engaged to Don Ellsworth before his marriage, and persuades Peter to leave with her, and persuade Peter to leave with her.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

And meanwhile? Meanwhile Peter had a great "follow" story. Dr. Cavanaugh, when he had moved west from New York, officially retired—though his reputation made complete retirement impossible—he had introduced Barbara as his daughter, which, indeed, she legally was. The romantic, Cinderella story of her adoption from a foundling home, her secret marriage to Don Ellsworth, the spectacular young millionaire—a great story! And written in such a way that it was a masterpiece of the fairy-tale quality in it.

"There's a little thing like loyalty," Peter found that, remembering her words, he remembered almost audibly the tone of her voice, like a little wind in the trees.

But his loyalty was to the paper, not to a girl whom he had seen only once, just as he was to his father, not to him. Personalities must not be mixed. That was the code. He remembered the legend of "Big Joe" McCullen, owner of a paper in Sacramento, who had refused to suppress the story in his own paper when his boy went wrong and was picked up for stealing an automobile. That was the code of newspapermen.

And yet—was it all warped, perverted, narrow, this code that the words, he remembered almost audibly the tone of her voice, like a little wind in the trees.

Peter stood across a boulevard sign, and listened with unaccustomed meekness to the frate words of the traffic cop. The neatly printed "Press On" sign on Bobby's grimy windshield goaded the policeman to fury.

"You reporters think you own the earth!" he bellowed.

But Peter did not respond with the expected "comeback," and the policeman, somewhat disappointed by a too man, somewhat disgruntled by a too complete success, retired to his corner.

However, the encounter served to clear Peter's mind. He found that, clear Peter's mind, he had arrived at a decision. It was a compromise decision, and he admitted with very honesty that it marked his first deviation from the simplicity of his newspaper code. Nevertheless, he knew what he would do. He would "hold" the story, but he would keep an eye on Barbara Cavanaugh.

Bara Cavanaugh. He gave that thought to his gods. And if it "broke his"—then there would be no question. If there was a direct connection between Barbara Cavanaugh and the disappearance of Sheila O'Shay, he would have no choice but to act. For the present, Jimmy would have to be satisfied with a report of "nothing doing," and if he didn't like it, he could jolly well do the other thing. As the thought of facing Jimmy Sears, Peter felt unconsciously, and most justifiably, like a champion defending with his body a damsel in distress. And Barbara would have no inkling of this sacrificial heroism—he did not know Jimmy Sears!

"My God, Piper, I thought you were dead!" The city editor's eye-shade was pushed far up on his bristling red hair. The chief was not an ordinary man. The two men were not ordinary men, and the books for their long careers were given over to volumes nearly two feet high, labelled with yearly dates. Instead of the usual red leather covers, they were of a certain medieval armor, and the books for their long careers were given over to volumes nearly two feet high, labelled with yearly dates.

"Where have you been—no Los Angeles? Copee booy!" He snatched the telephone with one hand and thrust a bundle of copy paper across the desk with the other. "Shoot this down. More to come on the tule marsh story!" he shouted over his shoulder to the semi-circle of the copy desks, where metal cylinders bearing copy and galleys stood in rows, and were sent rumbling down those tubes to the composing room below.

"You, Piper, go busy on this. The identified body found in the tule marsh below El Cerrito. Go over to the city hall and get Camberwell the identification bureau. Find out what, if anything, they know. I've been waiting for you. You're the only man sure to get the story. Thanks to that story you wrote when I was being razed by the department. Tell him we won't print without permission, of course, but get him to give you something. It looks like murder!"

The city editor pushed his eye-shade even farther back on his brow, at the angle, though far from the effect, of a medieval halo. His harsh voice was jubilant. Any one would have thought that murder to him was a joyous occasion—as indeed it was. Peter exhaled a tremendous breath of relief. After all, he had not let the paper break, and the matter of Barbara Cavanaugh could well afford to wait.

"Hoo-o-o, hu-hu-hu-hu," whistled Peter in a wailing minor, and darted crosswise to the traffic in the city hall.

CHAPTER IX.

An air of triumph was plainly discernible in The Herald local room. It manifested itself in the demeanor of

the managing editor, who popped in and out of his private office at frequent intervals to confer with Jimmy in the rushing in and out of photographers carrying large sheets of cardboard, whereon were spread still wet prints; in the Jack-in-the-box territorialization of a smug-faced boy from the composing room, waving a damp page proof over which Jimmy and the managing editor bent with heads that almost touched.

Jimmy jerked the receiver from the jangling telephone at his elbow. "I don't care what it is!" he snapped. "Unless one of them's murdered, don't bother me. Here, Andy, take this call. Our customer man wants this call. Our customer man wants this call. Our customer man wants this call."

Peter had returned from the city hall and gone straight to his typewriter. "Get it!" he flung laconically over his shoulder to Jimmy as he passed the desk.

"I'll give you twenty minutes—keep it down to three-quarters of eight, Jimmy called at his retreat. Jimmy called at his retreat. Jimmy called at his retreat."

A copy boy stood at Peter's elbow, seizing each page as it fell into type. When he had finished, he stroled over to the city desk, his hands in his pockets.

"Nobody else had got there. It's an 'exclusive' all right—and it's straight. Camberwell told me to call him. In fact, he was waiting for him to arrive for a conference when I left. It's a pretty fair yarn," said Jimmy.

The managing editor darted out of the room. The local room subsided to a scene of ordinary routine. To a scene of ordinary routine. To a scene of ordinary routine.

Jimmy's watch lay open on the desk, and he consulted it at frequent intervals. As the thought of facing Jimmy Sears, Peter felt unconsciously, and most justifiably, like a champion defending with his body a damsel in distress.

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What New York Is Wearing

By ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

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The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

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Feeding and Caring for the Baby During the Hot Summer Months

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China Saves Ancient Walls As Protection for Cities

By ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

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